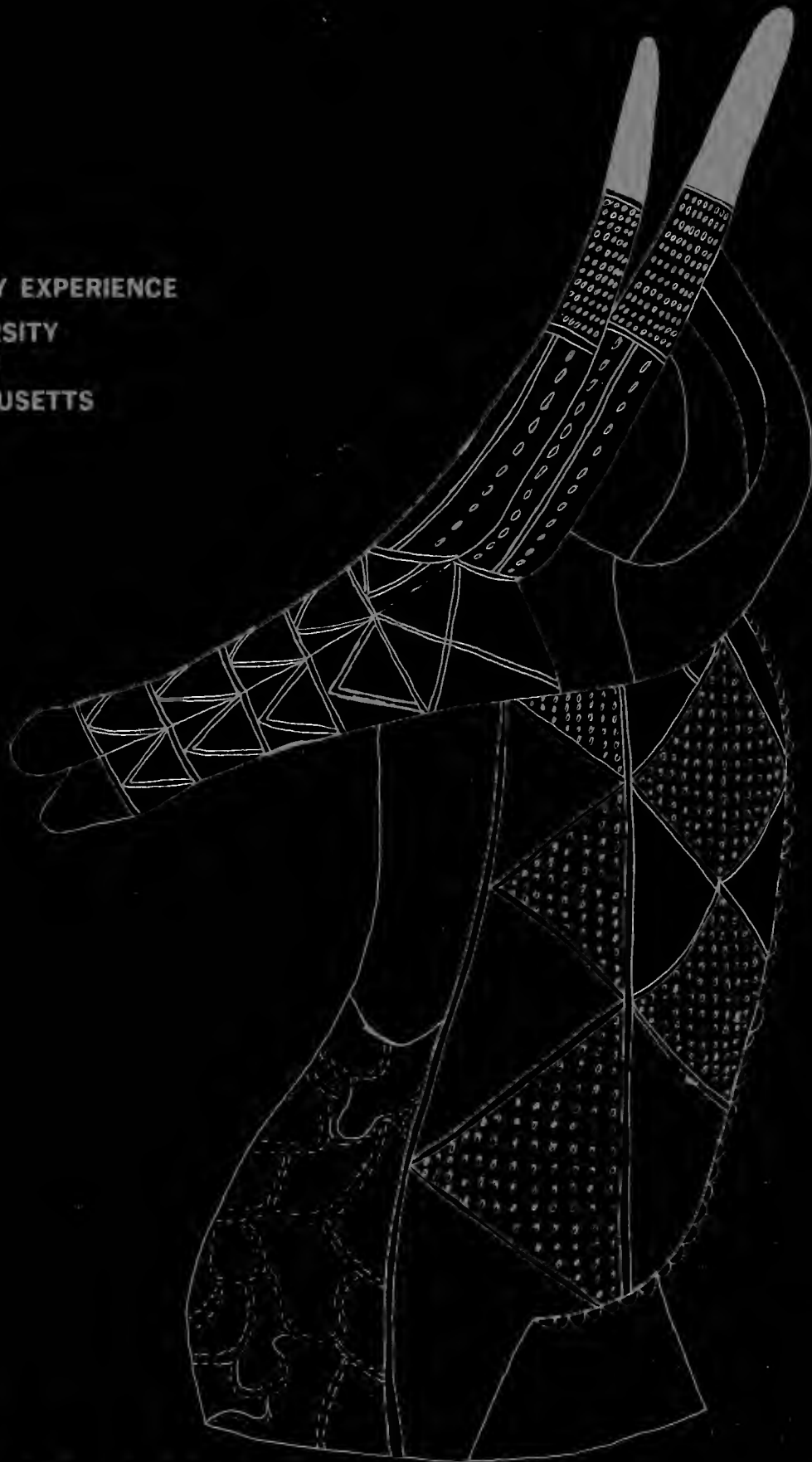


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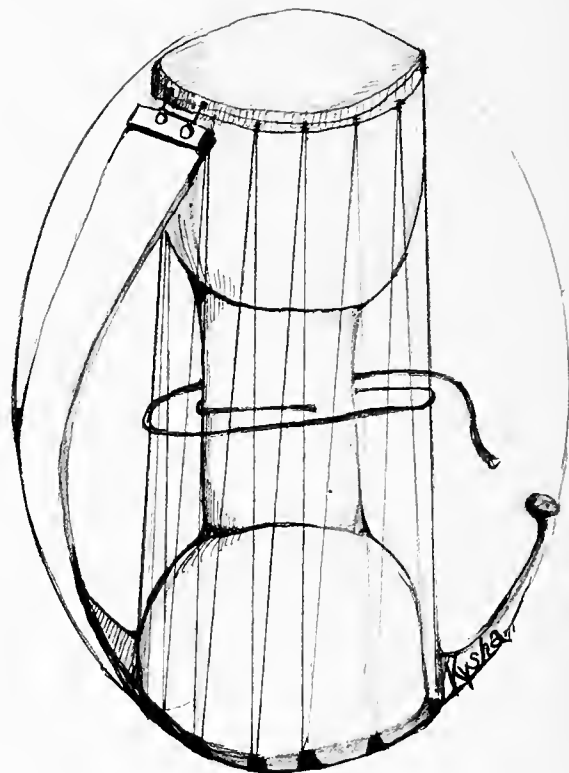
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CONTENTS

3	Dedication to Black Love	
4	Editorial	<i>William Roberts</i>
6	Feature	<i>Don L. Lee</i>
10	Message to the Black World	<i>Andre McLaughlin</i>
12	Finding Yourself	<i>Shmuel</i>
13	A man called TOM?? An interview	<i>Lawrence Baugh</i>
18	Song for Angela	<i>Armando Morales</i>
20	What went wrong?	<i>E.S.</i>
21	Noted Black Women	<i>Diana Ramos</i>
22	Johannesburg: South Africa	<i>Sekhoane Job</i>
24	a luv wish	<i>Andre McLaughlin</i>
27	Message to a Sister No. 1	<i>Kwaku Ananse</i> <i>(Frank McCoy)</i>
28	Is This Black America?	<i>Karen Emory</i>
29	For Time is Infinite	<i>Earl Strickland</i>
32	On Analysis	<i>Andre McLaughlin</i>
34	Black Terror . . .Counterrevolutionary	<i>Acklyn Lynch</i>
36	Acknowledgements	

*This issue of Drum is
dedicated to Black Love
and to those of us who
project it.*

*/the love of ourselves,
the love of each other, and
beyond that the love of
mankind / One individual
who has projected this is
Dr. Randolph Bromery,
Chancellor, University of
Massachusetts / Amherst.
This issue is therefore
dedicated in part to
him and to the
ideals he has
demonstrated.*



JOHN
PETTWAY

Editorial

We're gonna move on up one by one
AIN'T GONNA STOP TILL THE WORK IS DONE
"Am I Black enough for you"

We're gonna move on up two by two
THIS OLD WORLD GONNA BE BRAND-NEW
"Am I Black enough for you"

Get in line
Start marching in time
Make up your mind—or we'll
Leave you behind

We're gonna move on up three by three
GONNA GET RID OF THIS POVERTY
"Am I Black enough for you"

We're gonna move on up four by four
WE AIN'T GONNA SUFFER NO MORE
"Am I Black enough for you"

Get in line
Start marching in time
Make up your mind—or we'll
Leave you behind

We're gonna move on up five by five
THIS DEAD WORLD IS GONNA COME ALIVE
"Am I Black enough for you"

We're gonna move on up six by six
WE'RE GONNA USE OUR MINDS INSTEAD OF OUR FISTS
"Am I Black enough for you"

Get in line
Start marching in time
Make up your mind—or we'll
Leave YOU behind

My people, this is a call — a call to you who are seriously concerned about the destiny of Black people.

At Southern University, two more of our precious people—Slain to satisfy the whim of some trigger-happy inhuman.

When is this madness going to end? or better yet — where is the sickness of this decadent society going to overtly expose itself next? Time and time again we see our people slaughtered and our only response is TSK, TSK, THAT'S TOO BAD! When are we going to realize that every life that is lost could be our own? Does UMass. have to become a Southern, a Jackson State or a North Carolina A & T for us to begin to see some light???

We as a people must begin to take seriously our very existence no matter what level we're on, no matter what we do. We must be cognizant of the position our lives are in at this point and we must continuously seek answers to change this situation and to take Black lives out of this jeopardy. A picture of our lack of seriousness or maybe consciousness can and is clearly demonstrated daily here at UMass. The shucking and bullshitting must cease if we are about readying ourselves to deal with a madman.

Think seriously my people — "We're gonna move on up one by one
Ain't gonna stop till the work is done"!!!

Editor's note:

The lyrics are from a song sung by Billy Paul on his latest album 360 Degrees of Billy Paul.



KYSHAZ

Louder but Softer

**Editor's Note: This article was reproduced by permission of the author from 'We Walk the Way of the New World,' Broadside Press, Detroit, Michigan.*

Yesterday is not today. What was visible in the old books is still there, that's why new ones are written. Yesterday's light was bright and lived suspended within its own energy. Today the only time we see it is by traveling 35,000 feet above the earth at some ridiculous speed; our children will not know the sun as we knew it, but will appreciate it more.

We're talking about our children, a survival of a people. A people can't possibly survive if they become something else. The process of change, of re-conditioning a people to be something other than themselves started centuries ago: we used to be blackmen/women (or Africans); now we're known as negroes. That movement toward becoming an adjective was not accidental; but carefully planned and immaculately executed to completely rape a people of their culture. Whereas, most of us have become another man's imagination, a reflection of another man's fantasy, a nonentity, a filthy invention. So, in effect we'll be talking about definition and change. When we say definitions, we mean the present and the past with the proper perspective. Understand that objectivity is a myth, where "one makes judgments in terms of one's culture and in keeping with the cultural values which are a part of his personal and immediate heritage. These cultural values depend for their duration upon the survival of the classes which created them." Change is to be that, an on-going process aimed at an ultimate definition of our being. But when we talk about change, we don't mean from Winston to Marlboro. Actually, we mean from negative to positive, from the creative to the anti-cliche.

What is meant is that we'll have to move from imitation to initiation; from number one to number first; from the Tonight Show to our own Lenox Avenue where brothers shadow box with wind because the wind is the only element that will touch them. Check it out, if u ain't scared to venture back.

Can you believe in yourself? It's not enough to say I'm Somebody; we've always known that. The question is who/what? Are you a dead raindrop, reborn in a used coal mine now existing in an oblique closet of your closed mind, only to re-emerge singing "I'm black and I'm proud" while soft peddling before the jew into the new self-cleaning ovens. After all, it takes little or no work to be insignificant, but to leave our print, our image on the world, you'll find that 24 hours in a day is like seconds in a fast minute.

The reflection of that which was/is ours has been the basis for the acceptance of that which is someone else's. The most effective weapon used against us has been the educational system. We now understand that if white nationalism is our teacher, white nation-

alism will be our philosophy regardless of all its contradictory and anti-black implications. The educational process is set up largely to preserve that which is not that which necessarily needs to be created, i.e., black nationalism or black consciousness. Thus we find ourselves trying to determine which are the correct answers for future development. Some of the answers will have to be a surprise, but at least we know a surprise is coming.

In the late sixties we existed in a state of cultural nihilism, and the destruction that came was mainly against our own in our own. Destruction and misdirection became the overwhelming directives. Positive influences existed in the sixties and before, but their accessibility was limited to the few. So we moved, traveling speedily from one consciousness to another, hoping that our actions would not betray our movement. Blackness as we speak of it today is nothing new; other writers at other times wrote about themselves and their people as we do now. The main difference, if there has to be one, is the audience which the writers directed their voices toward. Black writers—from the first and up into the sixties—have largely (with few exceptions) followed the trend of being or becoming "American writers," not negro writers but writers who happened to be negro. All that is in the process of being erased. We discovered a new psychology. The sixties brought us the work of one Frantz Fanon and his powerful *The Wretched of the Earth* and other books: the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, the prophet of the Nation of Islam, ultimately produced the loudest and clearest voice for the young blacks through Al Hajj Malik al Shabazz, better known as Malcolm X, who in turn moved us toward a national consciousness. He heavily influenced a writer who proved to be a consistent bullet in the side of white America—Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones).

What does it take to reach you, into you? What is the stimulus that will force you to act; what motivates you in yr inability to conceive of yrself as something special? Will it take the death of a loved one? Will the values you consider valuable have to be destroyed? Is the knowledge of self so painful as to demand that you not accept it and continue to squalor in yr naivete?

Culture is the sustaining force of any nation. An effective con game has been played on black people in this country. We've been taught to be anti-black, anti-self. No need in documenting that, for all one has to do is walk in any black neighborhood and if you possess only an ounce of perception, the examples will fly at you. We are the only people in a na-

"Almost daily, small bands of Jewish arrivals tramp up the gangplank of the Saint Lawrence, the hotel ship acquired by the Danish Refugee Council to house them temporarily . . . 'You must understand,' a recently arrived 40-year-old female physician said. 'Our world has been shattered. My husband and I . . . had almost forgotten that we were Jews; we were simply Poles. But then someone denounced us.' . . . The doctor and her husband—who is also a physician—were . . . accused of hiding their 'Jewishness.'"

—*Newsweek*, January 12, 1970

The theater was Poland, the former homeland of more than three million Jews, reduced to 75,000 after Hitler's Aryan society came into power, and today Poland contains less than 15,000. The year 1970 and issues are the same—race. We can continue to cloud our direction with meaningless rhetoric and romantic illusions, but when it comes down to the deathwalk, no one will save a people but the people themselves. Let's look at the Jewish and black situations here, since Jews and blacks are among the largest 'minority' groups.

How can less than six million American Jews be more effective than Afro-Americans that outnumber them almost five to one. The watchword is culture and a steady "survival motion." The Jewish people have a tradition of togetherness and peoplehood. They've developed a nationalist consciousness that's interwoven with their religious reality. They've developed the sophistication for survival. If a Jew hates you, you'll never know it; if he plans to kill you, you know even less: Sophistication. They recognized years ago that Mission Impossible and James Bond are for real. So, how does one compete with such impossible odds without inviting suicide? Simple, yet difficult. You become a nation within a nation. You create and sustain your own identity. In effect, Jewish teachers teach Jewish children, especially in the primary levels; Jewish doctors administer aid to Jewish patients (and others); the Jewish business world services the Jewish community; and each sector continually draws on one another to build that community. Rabbi Zev Segal, head of the country's largest and most influential Jewish Orthodox rabbinical group, estimated that close to one hundred million dollars has been spent annually in the last few years on Jewish educational institutions; he also goes on to say that Jewish education is necessary for the survival of Judaism. Also, he and others rightly feel that they face "physical danger" if they as a people cannot remain as a people. Thus Rabbi Segal feels that Jewish schools are the "core institutions for Jewish survival and identity."

Elsewhere I've said that if all you are exposed to is Charlie Chan, you'll have a Charlie Chan mentality. A better example is Tarzan. Remember Tarzan grew out of one man's imagination, but because of prevailing anti-black conditions, he immediately became a nation's consciousness. What Tarzan did was not only to turn us away from Africa, but from ourselves. And that's where we are now, still unsure of ourselves, walking after somebody's else's dreams, while the only fighting being waged is within the race. The killing of each other is not a test for manhood. But manhood



tion of many people who have consistently let others guide us. We've been so busy taking directions from others that our ability to conceive of ourselves as direction-givers has not had a chance to flourish. However, others—those that traditionally have led us—recognized our revolutionary potential. Harold Cruse puts it this way: "They understood it instinctively, (the Negro's white radical allies) and revolutionary theory had little to do with it. What . . . the Negro's allies feared most of all was that this sleeping, dream-walking black giant might wake up and direct the revolution all by himself, relegating his white allies to a humiliating, second-class status. The Negro's allies were not about to tell the Negro anything that might place him on the path to greater power and independence in the revolutionary movement than they themselves had. The rules of the power game meant that unless the American Negro taught himself the profound implications of his own revolutionary significance in America, it would never be taught to him by anyone else." We black people in America are not culturally deprived, but "culturally different"; actually we're products of a dual culture, having the benefits and evils of the dominant WASPS and our own unique Afro-Americanism. Here we are about 30 million voices (larger than some Nations) coming into a new decade, still not fully cognizant of the ultimate reality of our power, if only in sheer numbers.

has not been defined. And our survival will ultimately be determined by the will or non-will of black men—it will not be an over-night process and we see that our most important asset is the next/and present generation of black college students.

Stop!

Black student after winter vacation on his way to school (University of America) a part of the Jet set. I wouldn't have noticed him, but he was dressed rather oddly, along with about a five inch natural he had an Indian band around his forehead; with a gold ear-ring in his left ear. A black tiki hung around his neck partially hid under a red and green scarf that loosely covered an orange dashiki that housed a black turtle neck sweater. His tailor-made white bell bottoms were accented by brown buckled cowboy boots while a black slick-haired fur coat rested on his right arm looking like it could bite. Now, here we have a brother that didn't know what he was, an international nigger—you name it, he'll be a part of it. As I approached him, his first words after "What's happenin, baby," were "do you smoke, bro."

Stop!

Time is not new; it must be on our side, we're still here. Send young black brothers and sisters to college and they come home Greeks, talking about they can't relate to the community anymore. So here we have black Alpha Phi Alpha, Delta Sigma Theta, etc., unable to speak Greek, with an obvious non-knowledge of their own past (or present); only after four years, to be graduated as some of the best whist players since the Cincinatti Kid who didn't finish high school.

Today's black college students fall into two categories: the serious and the unserious. By the unserious I mean the lesser but growing portion of black students who attend today's universities with the attitude that they are "students" and nothing else. Whereas being a "student" implies superficial intellectuality that borders on hipness—that is, being hip enough to be able to quote all the current writers to impress those who are impressed by that; very little study (that's for squares, a brain anyhow); a lot of partying (with the 3R's of reading, riting and rithmetic being replaced with ripple, reefers, and rappin'); and a possession of the attitude that "I got mine, you get yours" or "every man for himself," so there exists no real commitment to themselves, or—to their people. And lastly we have the student who will say that all the courses are irrelevant—not realizing it's going to take some of that irrelevance to put us in a position for survival.

Finally, we have the serious student who is not only committed to himself, but to his people. Students who realize that they come to college as black men or women will come out as doctors, lawyers, teachers, historians, writers, etc., who are black, and not doctors, lawyers, teachers, historians, writers, etc., who happen to be black. No, you are blackmen and women who are black first and products of your vocation second—therefore understanding our priorities. These are New World students who are in the process of developing the necessary group consciousness, nation-

alistic consciousness or black consciousness that is absolutely necessary for real development.

You as black students will become the new heroes for our children; will move to replace the pimps, prostitutes and wineheads who are now viewed as heroes because of no meaningful alternative. A part of your responsibility will be to change a rather complex and growing situation in our communities. Think about it, be for real about realness; it's not for the community to relate to you, you relate to that which you left. The community is still there—unchanged. You have changed; the question is how? Please, don't space on us just because you think you're educated now. Don't become the new pimps, educated pimps existing as a creation of your own mind, unwilling to share with anyone because you think it's too deep. Try us, you may not be as deep as you think you are. Stop romanticizing your existence, stop romanticizing the revolution. Like Brother Malcolm said, "if you really understood revolution, you wouldn't even use the term," or as a sister put it—all revolutionaries she knew were either dead or off quietly planning somewhere. Need I say more?

So we say, move into yr own self, Clean. If we were as together as our music and dancing, we'd be a trip in itself. Can you dig that, if we were as up tight as our dancing and music, we wouldn't have a worry except how to stay new and inventive. For an example, take our music. It is commonly accepted that it is the only cultural form that is uniquely American—that is, not an off-shoot of European culture. But still, we don't control our own contributions—the money makers have not been the black musicians but the producers and record companies. What is even worse is that our music is being stolen each and every day and passed off as another's creation—take Tom Jones and Janis Joplin, two white performers who try to sing black. They've not only become rich, while black musicians starve in their own creation, but those two whites, plus others—who are at best poor copies of what they consider black—will after a short period of time become the standard. It will get to the point where when you speak of soul and black music, you will find people automatically thinking of white imitators.

We now find ourselves in the seventies and cannot possibly use the tactics of the sixties. We need innovators and producers of positive change. The older generation's resistance to change is natural; so how do we change without alienating them? How can we reduce if not completely eliminate all the negativism, pettiness and cliquishness that exist and are so damaging? How can we enlarge the narrow choice factor—where in most cases our reality is controlled by Christianity, drugs, or alcohol? How can we create a common consciousness, based on a proven humanism—as we stop trying to prove our humanism to those who are unhuman? It's on us; nobody, nowhere will do it for us.

We Walk the Way of the New World. It's new. As indicated above, we are much louder, but softer, a logical progression, still screaming like a super-sonic wind tuned to a special frequency, but hip enough to realize that even some of those brothers and sisters tuned in will still not hear.

Blackman/an unfinished history

the old musicman beat into an alien image of nothingness
we
remember you and will not forget
the days, the nights, the weekends
the secret savings for the trip north
or up south. We entered the new cities—
they were not ready for us—
those on the great rivers, the lakes
they were clean then, somewhat pure
u cd even drink fr/them
& the fish lived there in abundance.
we came by backseat greyhound & special trains
up south came us
to become a part of the pot that was supposed to melt
it did and we burned
and we burned into something different & unknown
we acquired a new ethic a new morality a new history
and we lost
we lost much we lost that that was
we became americans the best the real
and blindly adopted america's heroes as our own
our minds wouldn't function
what was wrong?
it couldn't have been the air it was clean then.

today
from the clouds we look back
seat 16C in the bird with the golden wings.
we came & were different shades of darkness
& we brought our music & dance,
that which wasn't polluted
we took on the language, manners, mores, dress & religion
of the people with the unusual color.
into the 20th century we wandered rubber-stamped
a poor copy!

but the music was ours, the dance was ours, was ours.
& then it was hip—it was hip
to walk, talk & act a certain neighborhoodway,
we wore 24 hr sunglasses & called our woman baby,
our woman,
we wished her something else,
& she became that wish.
she developed into what we wanted,
she not only reflected her, but reflected us,
was a mirror of our death-desires.

we failed to protect or respect her
& no one else would,
& we didn't understand, we didn't understand.
why,
she be doing the things she don't do.
the sixties brought us black
at different levels, at different colors we searched
while some of us still pissed into the wind.
we tasted
& turned our heads into a greater vision.
greatness becomes our new values—00000000
like telling yr daughter she's beautiful
& meaning it. Vee. Boom Veeeee Boom
You going to do it jim! BOOOOOOOOOM
You goin ta jump around & startle the world blackman
goin ta space man, all u got ta do is think space thoughts.
You're slick jim, yes you is
slicker than a oil slick, yes you is
just been sliding in the wrong direction. click.
be a *New World* picture. click, click.
blackman click blackman click into tomorrow.
Spaced from the old thoughts into
the new. Zoommm. Zooommmmmm Zooommmmmmm.
click.
design yr own neighborhoods, Zoom it can be.
teach yr own children, Zoom Zoom it can be,
build yr own loop, Zoom Zoom it can be,
feed yr own people. Zoom Zoom it can be,
Watch out world greatness is coming. click click.
protect yr own communities, Zoom Zoom it can be.

create man blackman. . . .
walk thru the
world
as if You are world itself, click.
be an extension of everything beautiful & powerful, click
click.
YET black look like
you'd be named something
like. . . earth, sun
or mountain
Go head, universe
Zoommmmm. Zooommmmmmmmm
Zooommmmmmmmmmmmm click click.
be it,
blackman.

As-Salaam-Alaikum,
Don L. Lee

message to the black world

wake up
blackpeople
theres a new world
move/'n
n 2/ be/'n

wake up
blackpeople
theres a new world
move/'n
n 2/ be/'n

wake up
blackpeople
theres a new world
move/'n
n 2/ be/'n

wake up
blackwoman
u will dance
again
2/ new rhythms
air songs
that swing
2/ life/beats
as u once moved
2/ rhythms
where eyes followed
your sway'n
hips & admired
the beauty
of your grace.

blackwoman
u will sing
again
& paint yrself new/
colors/
golden black
& let your notes be
the movements
of your children.

blackwoman
u will luv
again
& know the essence
of luv, its roots/
blackluv
an experience n & complete with'n
& your family will be
the fruit
of blackluv.

wake up
blackman
u will be the new
teacher
a definer
of what is old/now &
2/ be.

blackman
u will be the true
spirit/mover
sing'n truth
beautiful songs
w/ rhythms
black folks can move
2/.

blackman
u will be the new man
who has redefined
manhood
& moves
with'n the context of the new
definition
a new man
who exists
is cleansed
& moves 2/ building
rhythms
& we move 2/ your new
movements
the way the night follows
the day.

wake up
blackpeople
wake up
blackpeople
wake up
blackpeople
we will be the sun/
people
of new
vision w/ new light
show'n us
the new way
only if we devote ourselves
to obtain'n that new
vision.

we r
a now people
come'n
a/new
people
be
a lover
of us
my people
a mover
to higher
heights
for the only
real lovers
will be
the movers!

fall 1971
andre mc laughlin



*Go away and find yourself, and
when you find yourself, you'll
realize that you found
yourself in yourself and outside
forces don't even matter*

Shmuel



A Man Called Tom??

An Interview

We as Black folks, often tend to categorize those that have made it in a "white society" as "Tom" and "nigger." This is not to say that we are always wrong, for a good many Black people who reach a high level in this decadent society do so by forsaking their Black identity, but, this is to say that we are not always right either. There are those Black people that reach the top and maintain their beliefs in BLACKNESS and Black people. They maintain a sense of Black community and assist those brothers and sisters that have not made it in succeeding. One such Black person is Dr. Randolph Bromery, Chancellor at UMass, Amherst. He fills the top administrative position in the University and he is a Black man.

Dr. Bromery's childhood was not unlike the childhood of any other Black youth. He learned early what the crushing pain of racism and segregation was. He was born in Cumberland, Maryland on January 18, 1926. Although he lived in a white neighborhood (the only Black family on the block) he was bused miles away from his house to go to school. The school that Dr. Bromery attended as a youth was typical to Black people; a prime example of white education upon Black people. His early education consisted of a heavy emphasis on industrial arts, with the elimination of college preparation. He was allowed to pursue those courses that would be necessary for him to go to college. Black people were not expected to go to college, nor were they expected to have any aspirations in that direction. When it was discovered that he had such aspirations, he was rushed through high school so that the education that he received was even less adequate than usual. But young Bromery was not to be defeated, he wanted to go to college. He took, through correspondence courses, those subjects in which he was deficient and in effect re-educated himself with the tools that he needed to be a success in school. It took Dr. Bromery twenty-two years to get his education completed, from freshman undergraduate to doctorate.

His struggle to overcome the adversity of being born Black in this country was intense. In Dr. Bromery's particular discipline, which was geophysics, he has risen to the top of his field. He worked with the U.S. Geological survey for twenty years and traveled the world in quest of his knowledge. He is a full professor, consultant to a number of committees dealing with geology, and as has been previously stated, Chancellor of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.

A number of Blacks down Dr. Bromery, saying that he is working for the man and "kissing the white man's ass." That he is on top and we are on the bottom and this is where his head is at. It is not well known that before Dr. Bromery became Chancellor of UMass, he was one of the pioneers that helped to establish and fund the main Black scholarship program on campus, CCEBS. It is partly through him that Black people got here, and because of him that Black people could set some criterion for success.

The following is an interview and held with Dr. Bromery on October 17, 1972; the man was impressive with his sincerity and ability to answer all the questions straight. Read this interview to find the true nature of the man that people call "Tom."



Dr. Randolph W. Bromery

Dr. Bromery, this is an interview about yourself as a man and your relationship in the founding of CCEBS. To begin this interview, could you, as best you can, describe your childhood environment.

ANSWER: "I guess the best way to describe my childhood environment would be to say that we had a very close-knit family. I had my mother and father, and three brothers and sisters. My grandfather and grandmother also lived in the same house. We were in an "only" kind of position, for we were the only Black family on the block. We lived in a strangely segregated town because all the facilities of that town were segregated and the housing was not. I went to an all Black high school, the only one, and graduated with a class of sixteen. You knew everybody in the school, and went to the same school from kindergarten all the way up to twelfth grade. In fact, the total Black population of the town was only eight or nine hundred, so you almost knew everybody in the town. In the context of today, busing was no problem because they bussed all the white students past us to the white high school and the Blacks to the

Black school. There was even cross state bussing from lower Pennsylvania and West Virginia to Maryland schools. *In those days, they didn't have any problem rationalizing busing.*"

"I went through high school, and in those days no Black males were permitted to take any other major but industrial arts. If you were the type of student who insisted on getting an education, they shot you through high school fairly fast. I graduated at sixteen."

My parents didn't have the money to send us through college, so I went to Detroit in order to find finances. I took some correspondence courses through Brigham Young University in Utah. I was probably the only Black student they had, but they didn't know this. It was in Detroit that I went into the service. While in the service, I took additional correspondence courses in those areas of study I was deficient in. When I got out of the service, I went back to work for a while and then went to the University of Michigan as an undergraduate, knowing that

I wanted to go into science, but not knowing what area. One area that I thought I would never go into was mathematics. At this point I would like to say that there could never be a student as deficient in mathematics as I was. *It is important that CCEBS students and all Black students in general never lose sight of their goals.* While at the University of Michigan I came in contact with one of the authors of my textbook, Clyde Love, and it was him that eventually got me started in math, the science that I got my bachelors in, with a minor in physics."

QUESTION II: I notice on your curriculum summary that you are a member of a number of minority committees in your discipline, which is geology. Do you feel that these committees are a good thing or a bad thing for Black people?

ANSWER: "If I understand what you're asking, I am a member of a large number of groups that are interested in promoting Black involvement in the earth sciences. I have been asked a number of times if I feel that involvement in these are promoting the white power structure. My answer to that is that the Black community needs as many groups as possible that can siphon Black talent so that it can be used in the development of that community. However the *Black people in this country don't live in a vacuum, we not only need Black talent that is going back to the community and to aid in the battle for liberation, but we also need Black people that are going to go out and integrate into the white community so that we can aid in the decision making that effects all of us.* I see our role as going on both sides of the fence. This is why I am very active in groups that are going to diversify, and gear Black students into both of these roles; to get Black talent into the earth sciences, because when you talk of these sciences, you are talking about the very foundation that this society is based upon."

QUESTION III: From a Black perspective, what is your conception of the Black experience and what does this Black experience mean to you?

ANSWER: "There are various facets to the Black experience. There is the cultural aspect, the arts, the identity with heritage, these are very positive things. When you talk about oppression, of the abuse Black people have suffered in this country, then you are talking of the negative aspects of that experience. But even that negative type of Black experience should teach us a lesson and provide us with the type of tools necessary so that we might get ourselves together and

free ourselves from that oppression. In contrast to sitting around and just talking about the problem, we should be involving ourselves in economic and political strategies that are going to do something about this problem. Another aspect to the Black experience is that the Black community has been prey to all the negative aspects of American society; the crime, the dope; all the things that the Black community has had to suffer with. An example of this would be the movie "Super Fly." We are wrong by feeding this type of character in society to our children so that our youth might emulate in order to gain all of the material benefits of this society—the cars, clothes, and money."

QUESTION IV: Dr. Bromery, do you feel that it is by the emulation and glorification of these bad elements of the society that Black people are in effect maintaining 'status quo' for the white man?

ANSWER: "Of course, white society would want us to continue to hussle dope. There is someone, and he is white, at the top who is making all the profits, in fact if one were to categorize all the negative aspects of the Black experience one would find that these experiences are interfaced with the white society. If it is totally Black, then one finds that these experiences are positive. A good example I am aware of is in the bush in Africa, there exists a very intricate and well developed culture contrary to the savagery that is taught about these people. In short, I would say that before we can deal with the white community, we, as Black people, must do some cleaning up in our own backyard. Black people must get beyond the realm of individuality and we must start dealing on a future perspective. What we do today might not benefit us personally, but our children might reap those benefits. Also it might be said that if we deal in the arena of the present, we must also deal with short range programs that are also short lived."

QUESTION V: Dr. Bromery, what was your role in the formation of CCEBS.

ANSWER: "I arrived on campus in 1967 and at that time I was about the 6th or 7th Black faculty member. At that time there were professors Larry Johnson, School of Business; Edwin Driver, Dept. of Sociology; William Darity, Public Health; Mr. Evard Osbourne, Computer Center; and Prof. James White, School of Education. There were a few Black students, about two or three dozen. To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Osbourne was the only Black staff with the exception of a few workers in the dining commons who were Black.

I would think that the concept of the development of CCEBS was spawned in the minds of Profs. Johnson and Wilson. We talked it over that summer and then went to the administration and asked how come there were no Black students in the university. They said, "Well, you find us qualified Black students and we will let them in." So we went to the Black high schools, and we found that because of the high school programs, Black students were inadequately equipped to take the SAT's. Well I personally know that these scores have nothing to do with students' ability to learn, because when I went to school I had never even heard of an SAT. I also had a son and daughter that did poorly in the SAT and both graduated from the university. So we went about setting up a program and getting it funded. We typed up a proposal, and went to the Ford Foundation with it. We also recruited our first 125 students. We designed the program around tutorial, counseling, and financial aid components. The main concept in the foundation of CCEBS was not just a compensatory program. We were not just interested in bringing Black students to a predominantly white institution, without being concerned with the environmental impact. We had to be subjugated to the force of this impact and we felt that these Black students would be the beginnings of a viable Black educational community here in the valley. So in addition to bringing Black students here to the university, we went about recruiting additional Black professors, additional Black administrative people, and additional Black people in all aspects of the academic community. CCEBS was a much broader scope than just students and I feel this is one of the major reasons that we are where we are right now. The fact is that we did not get stuck out there on a strictly compensatory level. As far as the institution, Black people politically had very little power. Black people constituted approximately 4% of the commonwealth and an even smaller percentage here in the valley. So we had to organize ourselves on a different level—the level of cohesion."

QUESTION VI: Dr. Bromery, what might be your suggested directions and goals for Black students here at the University?

ANSWER: Well, I think that the goals that we had originally founded CCEBS on still hold true. We must somehow get the Black student to realize that he has a serious commitment to the Black community. We must somehow convince the student that he should take these skills that he has acquired at the university and use them for the benefit of his brothers and sisters. We need a feedback mechanism that can deal with the upgrading of the Black community. We need the people that are going to go back and establish community programs, and work with the youth

that are in school now, so that we can keep more students in school. This is an especially difficult problem when you are talking about the Black male. My personal agenda includes the diversification of our talent. I say that although the accepted goals are good such as law, medicine and education, we need Black scientists, and Blacks in those professions which are the basis of our economy. It is this segment of society that plays an important part in acquiring the resources necessary to establish an economic base upon which a community can be built. We must get some of the brothers and sisters to go into these fields. We do need some lawyers, doctors, and some preachers, but we also need geo-physicists, economists, engineers and mathematicians. I think that Jesse Jackson put it very well when he said, "If Black people want liberation they had better be prepared to deal with it," and you can't deal with it, if you don't have in your ranks, those who make up the core of a society."

As a closing statement Dr. Bromery said:

"Along with the political strategy that we are trying to develop in the Black Community, I think that one of the things we must recognize today is that, even though we may disagree with some peoples' method of doing things, if it is aiming toward the same goals, we must learn to work with these people instead of fighting amongst ourselves. We must stop the internal strife among Black people. Often, in order to control, society places one element against another. If we are to override this control, we must learn to attack a problem as a mass rather than as a particle."

Dr. Rhody McCoy is the director of the CCEBS program, the Committee for the Collegiate Education of Black Students, at the University of Massachusetts. He is a man who is tough and demanding, but not a man to demand more from his workers than he would demand of himself. Dr. McCoy is well known and respected throughout the Black community at the University. This is an interview that was conducted with Dr. McCoy on the subject of Dr. Bromery; his views and his relationship:

Dr. McCoy, this is an interview about Dr. Bromery and his relationship in the establishment of CCEBS. First, could you give a little background material.

QUESTION I: What was and is your relationship with Dr. Bromery?

ANSWER: "Well that is a rather difficult question to answer. I suppose that, one it's through the faculty and administrative positions that we hold here at UMass. Two, through our mutual interest in the Black community and three, our close association, a very real and personal friendship has developed."

QUESTION II: What is your opinion of Dr. Bromery as a man?

ANSWER: "That would take a lot of talk. But in an attempt to summarize, from the perspective of education, one of the things we have always talked about is a man we could emulate, and in my opinion he is a model in whose footsteps both, adults and children could follow. There is much more to that; I think he is an exceptionally bright individual and a great humanitarian with a knack to look into the future. His expertise and academic excellence gives him an insight to plan for the future. He is a man with the interest of young people in mind and if you can understand how an institution like UMass functions; it is an outstanding characteristic. You might say that UMass is an institution that is for young people, but you must understand the time consumption involved in such a position, the fact that Dr. Bromery does spend as much time as he does with youth demonstrates these humanitarian characteristics I have talked about. It makes him an outstanding leader and educator. I have a great deal of respect for Dr. Bromery. In the pursuit of his own discipline, I think the records will show that he is one of the most widely sought after men in his field. He is respected for his confidence and here again he demonstrates that concern for young people. I guess that he is just a great guy and I don't think there is anything that I can say against the man either personally or from an educational or an administrative perspective."

QUESTION III: What was Dr. Bromery's role, to the best of your knowledge, in the foundation of CCEBS and do you feel that he was effective?

ANSWER: "I'm glad you added the best of my knowledge part; to the best of my knowledge I understand he was one of the first Black people from the Amherst educational community to recognize the need for

more Blacks in the university, and judging from the rather small Black community in Massachusetts, this was indeed a 'herculean' task. One of the outstanding things about him is his low profile. He doesn't come out to ask for recognition for the good that he does. His presence is always felt in CCEBS. One has only to ask him a question and he immediately becomes a data bank of information pertaining to the program. What I'm saying is that partly through his efforts, CCEBS came into being, and Black students at the university should know this and respect him for it. If you look at it in a broader perspective, here we have a man that has come from the Black community, managed and manipulated the system so that he might rise to the top of his discipline. He then worked with the administration of the university and ultimately grasped the chancellorship of that university. At the same time he has never lost sight of the Black experience, as evidenced by his efforts to bring CCEBS into reality."

QUESTION IV: Undoubtedly, Dr. McCoy, you have a great deal of respect for Dr. Bromery, and for that reason I would like to ask you a question from a different perspective. This would help in making this analysis of him more complete. Do you feel that Dr. Bromery was sincere in his efforts to bring CCEBS into the existence?

ANSWER: "Let me answer that two ways. The implication of the question does not warrant discussion, I think he has proven his sincerity beyond a shadow of a doubt, and without his constant and persistent efforts in our direction CCEBS would, 1.) not exist and, 2.) would never have grown and expanded. Unless I misread the question, I don't think it is a matter for discussion. As recently as two days ago, Dr. Bromery was still talking about the growth and development of CCEBS."

The purpose of this interview was to give the readers of Drum a look at the type of man that Dr. Randolph W. Bromery is. He is a man that has not forgotten what he is or where his roots lie.

Black people must realize that we must gain the tools necessary so that a counter-society can be established. We Black people must gain the tools necessary to establish economic bases, and educational bases so that we might never again be made to bear the yoke of oppression. We must realize that those of us that have made it cannot dwell in our own successes but rather we must reach back to the community so that more Black people can be successful. There are those of us who say that these successes, success in the eyes of society, are not relevant, but these successes are a reality which must be accepted and looked upon as the method of Black survival in white America.

Dr. Bromery is one such Black person that has bought the reality of this concept and is working hard to make it happen. There is a lesson to be learned from his struggle. One that can be accepted by all. If we as Black people are to succeed, our struggle will be a long one. We must learn to pattern our discipline after the style of a Dr. Bromery and never give up the pursuit of what we want to be. We must also learn without losing sight of what we are. We, as Black students are going to have to take the weight for the establishment of the Black community-society. A society in which we can perpetuate the ideals of Ebony and surge forward to make the words "Nation Time" a reality.

“CANTO PARA ANGELA DAVIS”

Nada muere en el hombre mientras
no muera el hombre mismo.

Ortega y Gasset

De ti Angela Davis,
quedan las noches arandas,
las columnas enflaquecidas
de este pajarito, amigo de los sapos.
En este pueblo siquico
no es oye otra cosa que tu canto,
y en Asia, Africa y America,
un violin inmenso
tege el dia de tus huesos,
la savia de tus sueños,
ese cadencioso vivir de tu sexo carcelario
tendido en la cuna del otono.
Toda esa presencia tuya
agnegada de tambores,
de rios frutales,
de mares secos
colgando de la lluvia,
tus oceanos sonolientos, y esos brazos,
y estos brazos como banderas raidas
que han llegado a ti sin lamentaciones,
para alzar en ti
el testamento de los hijos sin tiempo.

Armando Morales





“SONG FOR ANGELA DAVIS”

Nothing dies in man if the man
does not die himself.

Ortega y Gasset

From you Angela Davis,
remains the scratched nights,
the weakened columns of this sparrow
friends of the toads.

In this psychic country
not other thing is heard but your song,
and, in Asia, Africa and America,

An immense violin
weaves the days of your bones,
The sap of your dreams
that live motion of your carcelary sex,
stretched in the autumn cradle.

Your own presence
complete of drums,
of fruitful rivers,
of dry seas
suspended from the rain,
your sleepy oceans, and these arms,
and those arms like scraped flags,
arriving you without lamentations,
to arouse in you,
the testament of the sons without time.

Armando Morales

What Went Wrong?

He came.

With idealism.

With hope.

**He found
Frustration,
Misunderstanding,
Complacency.**

**He is
Bitter,
Angry,
Cautious.**

**Distrust.
Hate.**

Earl Strickland



Earl Strickland

Noted Black Women



INTRODUCTION

Sister Diana Ramos is the new modern dance instructor for the W.E.B. Dubois Department of Afro-American Studies. She is an exuberant personality and possesses some very definite stands on the Black Struggle in White America. I had the opportunity of interviewing this talented black artist at work. The following is the outcome of an informal interview with Sister Ramos:

Sister Diana was born and raised in Harlem. She began dancing in junior and high school. She began dancing professionally with a company in which she said, "I was the 'token nigger' ". Sister Diana then heard of a man named Illio Pamare who had a Black Dance Company. She immediately started to work with him and has been with him for about ten years. It was not her intent to make dancing her life, so she left Illio for a while. After a futile attempt at commercial work, which she hated, she decided to return to Illio and make dancing her career. Through Illio who took a strong stand on racism, Miss Ramos discovered that dance was her chance to become involved in the Struggle and do her part, gaining experience teaching Black students in churches and community centers.

Diana then went on to convey personal feelings about her profession and her goals for communication to fellow sisters and brothers through her art. She states, "I find my job very satisfying because it gives me the chance to do what I want. I have touched all aspects of my career; performing, choreographing, and now teaching. Teaching gives me the opportunity to introduce Black students to jazz as well as how to deal with their own social-cultural dance." Diana profoundly proclaimed, "My main goal is to spread the dignity of ourselves as a people. Too many young Blacks are still dealing with the stereotype nigger role. (Blacks must get involved with the politics of the situation, because we are still controlled by the hierarchy and we are given very little consideration as being a serious people)." This black woman

gave a beautiful illustration of what she meant by being controlled by the hierarchy. I quote, "The Alvin Ailey and Arthur Mitchell Dance Companies are complete mutations of European art. These companies are successful because they worship the language of the Europeans. These companies do not perform anything of African culture because the hierarchy believes it lacks form, therefore it is dismissed. Black and white colleges do their utmost, saying they will provide the best cultural dance instructors. So they employ someone from Alvin Ailey or Arthur Mitchell. Then they are surprised when Blacks declare that we are not like that."

Last year Diana and Illio Pamare were invited to participate and perform in the Pan African Program here at the University of Massachusetts. Her new job fills her with excitement as she strongly expresses, "It has been too long over due for Black artists to come together not only to teach but to delineate images and to build the machinery to give young Blacks the kinds of tools to deal with the system and to control their culture."

Diana is personally involved with the images of Blacks in America. Urban experience is what she knows and would like to deal with through dance. She also came to the University because she realized that the further up the ladder one is, the more difficult it is to function. Her objective is to learn as much as possible about the politics of a structuring organization that would have something to do with spreading the word to all Black people. Black people must take political control to make the hierarchy stop and take another look at the situation. "If Blacks want to function as a people each must go outside to get back in."

Sister Diana added an important note at the end of the interview. She recalled teaching at Spellman College in Atlanta, Georgia. "The Black students did not think much of themselves and were a very untogether group." She was asked to leave the predominantly Black school; for her efforts to make students realize and be proud of their culture and heritage.

Johannesburg: South Africa

Johannesburg: South Africa

Mzimkhulu:

A city of life, a city full of despair, a desolation of the human spirit, a waste land which accommodates nature's beauty. How can beauty be married to such ugliness?

Crowd: *The darkness of night and the lightness of the day have the answer.*

Mzimkhulu: *God! Man at his utmost perversion. Look at the poor wretched souls, they cheer fortune, yet He does not smile. He squirms and frowns—making malevolent faces, in an endeavor to frighten them back to humanity.*

Crowd: *They grope in darkness. The pall of the night conceals directions.*

Mzimkhulu: *Yes, they are God. They chart the cartography of Heaven. They tell us that on Judgment Day God shall reward the strong and punish the weak. Yes, they are indeed God.*

Crowd: *The greenery of the landscape is contaminated by the gory blood they have spilled.*

Mzimkhulu: *Though there can be tranquility, let us not be deceived. The empire is being threatened. I feel the ominous footsteps steadily approaching. Listen to the dog baying at the moon. Listen to the cock cackling before dawn breaks. Listen to chirping birds, trumpeting elephants, whirring insects. Each is a courier of messages portending destruction.*

Crowd: *The songs we play are a prelude to your liquidation.*

Mzimkhulu: *Poor souls—masked in Helena Rubenstein's cosmetics, chauffeured to their exclusive bridge clubs by obsequious black valets. Lo! look at that chic matron. Her neck and wrists are ablaze with Amsterdam jewels. The body is draped with the latest from Pierre Cardin. Her 5th Avenue shoes touch the ground with disdain.*

Crowd: *We still sing. We wrestle with picks and shovels every day, but we still sing.*

Mzimkhulu: *We burrow the bowels of the earth, looking for their precious metal, while mine rocks fall on us, burying us alive.*

Crowd: *Other men live by the sweat of our brows.*

Mzimkhulu: *We are impatiently awaiting the dawn of the new day. We want to sing songs whose lyrics extol the triumph of mankind instead of hastening his destruction. A new day when the oppressor unchains himself from the fetters of blindness. A new day when the oppressed constant cry for retribution is replaced by the mellifluous sounds of eternal bliss.*

Crowd: *Alas, such a day will never be, for men have lost their reason.*

Mzimkhulu: *Let us pay homage to*

Fate—He who hath wrought such misery.

Time—He who hath exhausted our patience.

Place—Whose fruits are a joy to none.

Religion—the origin of greed.

Father McKenzie—the great pacifist who left me with a bible on my lap and occupied a 50-story edifice on my land.

I.B.M.—The shape of things to come.

Amen



(a luv wish)

EXTRA! EXTRA!

& the world turned upside down!

the moon set at six that eve
& the sun rose
cats started chase'n dogs
the sky turned red
& clouds started land'n

& the world turned upside down!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

skinny faggot across the road
got a real girl
little colored boys (sport'n
white pussies) became black men
(& put 'em down)
& prostitutes stopped let'n
their knooky get tooky
& began sell'n it for luv

& the world turned upside down!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

george wallace was castrated & they
got his balls on display in the
museum of natural shit along with
some on-the-second color photos of
mayor lindsay lay'n shotup on the
streets of harlem while take'n
1 of his 'courageous' walks

& the world turned upside down!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

roy wilkins was seen stroll'n
down 125th street clad in a dashiki
leslie uggams done sold her wigs
& got a for real natural
& theres a rumor that the supremes
are come'n home . . . again

& the world turned upside down!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

jesse jacksons push became woosh
(warriors on the offense struggle'n for humanity)
isaac hayes tripped over his chains
& replaced them w/ a machete & a gun
junkies shotup w/ dignity, purpose & direction
& nixon died of an o.d. of black revolt.

& the world turned upside down!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

bulletin fm the black house:

THE WORLD IS TEMPORARILY IN SUSPENSION!

fall 1969

revised spring 1972

andre mclaughlin





Message to a sister No. 1

I watch you
 and thus know you
 but only as a
 rose feels the sun.
A life-giver once told me
of a shimmering
 rainfall
 of a day's duration-kissing
the green cheeks of new born grass-washing
 the down of an awkward eagle.
and like the wise dog the
 salt moisture
 of our bodies
 sweep
over our quickly
 intertwined limbs.
 Starburst
 pulsations rapidly outstretch
 their long curving arms—
carrying forward
 the vivid arc
 of my being.
I am one
 with another
 a part of the life force
that
 caresses and admonishes me—
 entity,
 a cell,
a fibre,
 quivering
 alone
within you.

KWAKU ANANSE
(Frank McCoy)



IS THIS BLACK AMERICA ?

Black babies crying cause they ain't got no food
Black welfare mothers raising hell down the welfare office
Stolen and rented cars screeching down the street
Black Junkies getting their saturday night high's
Black tenants raising hell about no heat and the high rent
White cops patrolling the area
Black drunks running to the liquor store before it closes
Black pimps "living easy" on their "unemployed" whores
Is this really Black America???

Karen Emory
(Boston)

FOR TIME IS INFINITE

From bitter, first-hand experience, many of us feel that we know what it is all about. No one needs to tell us of the abject poverty of Roxbury. No one needs to tell us of the discrimination in New Bedford. No one needs to tell us of the daily struggles for full citizenship in Springfield. No one needs to tell us what we are going through. We KNOW, for such feeling is our life. As if we wrote the book, or sang the mournful eulogy, we know full well.

However, there is more to us as minority people than that. If we are to attain a firm grip of our existence, we must realize the political, economic, and psychological facets of our lives as well as the social. If we are to have an integrated view of our position in the greater society, there must be a long-term coordination of past, present, and future concerns. On the one hand, we must realize, and admit, the initial disadvantage of our heritage, for thus is the world into which we are born. Yet, on the other, we must also realize that our destiny is what we make it to be. It is the growth and advancement of that destiny that we are all about. To this end, we must develop and utilize our powers.

We have only begun to realize the potentialities and capabilities of our powers. In doing so, there is much to be done. More struggling, more learning, more confrontations, more work. The perpetuation of our culture demands as much from us. The fruits of past struggles must bear more fruit, if we are to further minority needs and interests, on this campus and elsewhere. We must consolidate the gains we have achieved, and, from there, lay the foundations for future endeavors. This task demands a resolute determination, a definition of what we are doing, a belief in our cause, as approval of our actions . . . from each of us.

At what points in our lives do we awaken to the harsh realities of the world? At what time do we lay aside childhood fantasies? At what time do we devote ourselves to the serious study of human nature? At what time do we cease to surrender to negativism and begin to affect meaningful change?

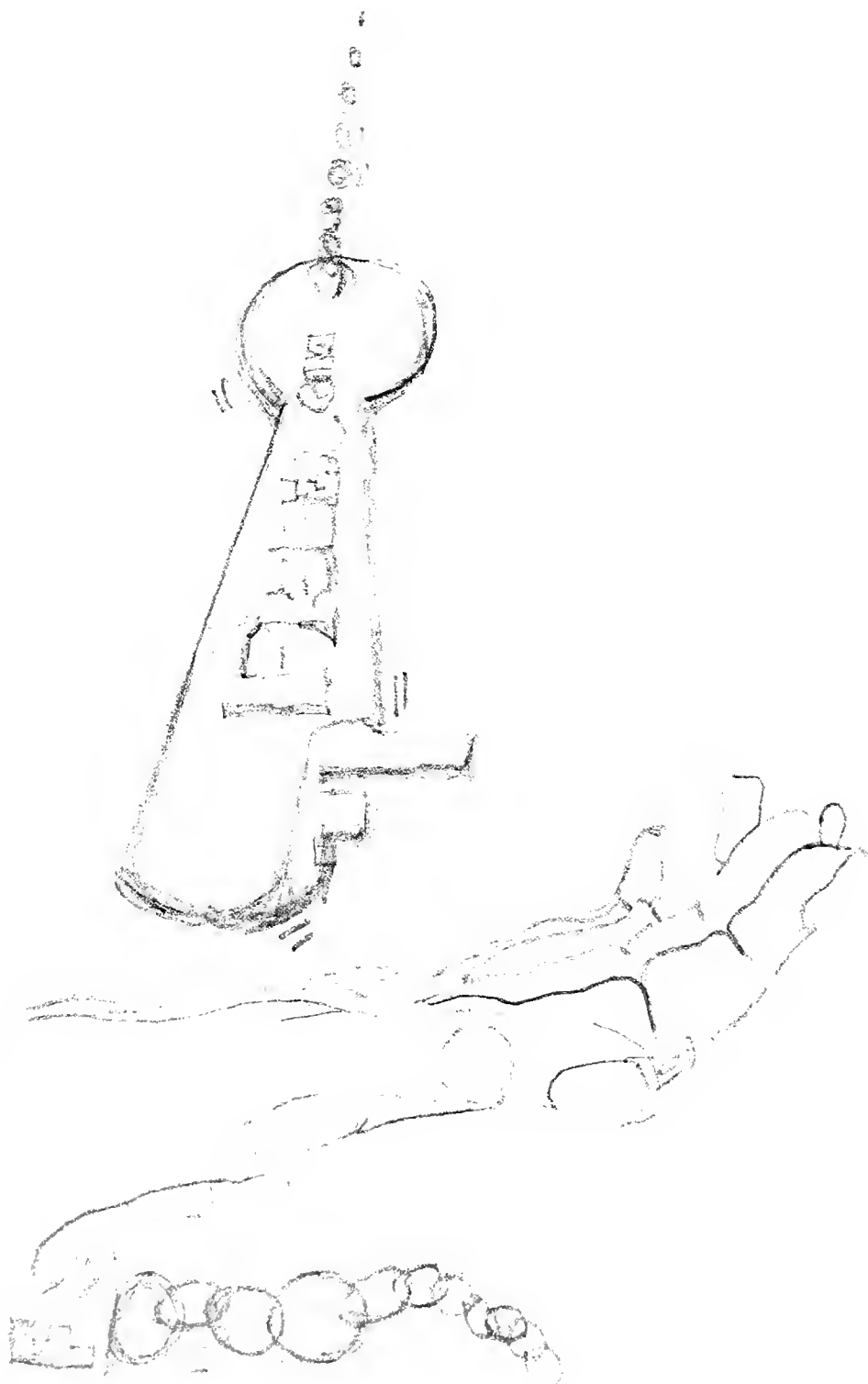
Many people on this campus have begun to question the status quo. They see the inconsistencies, contradictions, and double standards, not only of this campus but of society in general. They want no part of it; and justifiably so. They have comprehended the apathy and frustrations so widely prevalent in minority cultures. They are addressing themselves to the ensuing struggles of discerning the stark realities of minority life, of looking deeper for latent, consequential results in decision-making. Rather than complain about "what's coming down," many have realized the potential power in pooling understanding, capabilities, and resources, in uniting individual spheres of activities and interests . . . all in a sincere effort to make their campus, and, in turn, society, more responsible to minority people.

If one dislikes the types of music or movies that are brought to this campus, he can do either of two things (or, worse yet, not even notice). One, he can bitch and complain. Or, two, he can lay aside his apathy (apathy, let no one fool you, comes in all colors) and do something about it.

If one reads the *Daily Collegian* or walks through the Campus Center Concourse and notices that there is no relevancy there for minority peoples, he should stop, think, and then act. Too much time has been lost to inactivity, for whatever purposes. One should not be afraid to act upon his convictions. It will not be easy to affect change. It never has nor will it ever be. But the point is that *it can be done*.

Many people on this campus have undoubtedly pondered these questions. Everywhere about us we are beginning to see the concrete products of our actions. No more rhetoric. No more shucking and jiving. We have gone one step farther, to actual involvement.

Now, for the first time, there is minority input and feedback into campus activities. Minority participation in RSO activities speaks for itself in regard to this new mentality. Area and dormitory governments are now addressing themselves to the needs of minority peoples. Student Senate involvement is a tribute to the new consciousness of minority peoples. Without a doubt, ours is what we make it to be.



It would be safe to assume that without the Collegiate Committee for the Education of Black Students (CCEBS), none of the recent awakenings about this campus would ever have happened, for CCEBS is the nurturer of all these actions. Without CCEBS to initially bring minority peoples to this campus, misunderstanding, ignorance, and myths would still be perpetuated. Without CCEBS as a supportive basis, we would not have the security and strength derived from each other's presence. It is only because of the initial faith of CCEBS that our dreams are now realities.

For many of us here at UMass, CCEBS has been the opportunity to put a lot of things together. Without the genuine concern of brothers and sisters, involved with CCEBS some of them far removed from UMass by now, it is impossible to tell where we would be or, even more importantly, what we would be. CCEBS has been the chance to come together as a people, as a community, with determination and purpose. The organization of our community has been the chance to explore and define our identities. It has been the chance to politicize our efforts. Our catalyst has brought us together from many different points, into a united, solidified force.

To realize the importance of CCEBS, one has only to compare this campus before the initiation of CCEBS and after its initiation, in regard to the understanding achieved. No longer are minority peoples a mystery; we are real and desire the same things as other people. No longer are minority peoples systematically excluded from the inner chambers of decision-making; we have demonstrated our talents and skills. No longer are minority peoples skeptical about voicing their needs; the recent organization and coordination of minority interests are characteristic of our accessibility to power.

Now, more so than ever, we have alternatives. Suffice it to say that CCEBS has given us a new awareness of the real world, of interaction and politics. From the confrontations for a cultural center, from the demands for a black studies department, for the initiation of Ahora, from the arrival of ABC, COP, Continuing Education, etc., from the demands for more minority staff, faculty, and administrators, from the beginning of Black Mass Communications, from the organization of the Third World Alliance, from the start of Harambee. . . it is blatantly obvious what can be done. Who would ever have thought that the liberal, if not token, efforts of UMass administration in the fall of '68 would turn out to be a spawning ground for the advancement of minority needs?

Now that we have some idea of what we are about, we cannot forget or take for granted what we have thus far achieved. Too often we become complacent with the present and fail to see the importance of securing the past or outlining future concerns. It would be naive of us to think that our progress is forever lasting just because we have it for the moment. If we do not safeguard our progress, if we are not alert to complacency, apathy, or indifference, if we are not concerned with long-term planning, we will shortly be back where we started. If we do not protect and defend what we have, it will shortly be taken away.

Let us not be fooled. We know the ways of the men, finally, finally allowing us only what we have worked for, knowing full well that in due time he will have the opportunity to reclaim his tokenism, for vigilance is apt to be short-lived. We must not allow him (and the others) to catch us with our guards down. Only with a united, uniform, contemporary, consistent program will we be assured of lasting social progress.

We, as minority peoples of this campus, must never lose sight of our goal: a UMass, indeed a society, in which every person shares in all aspects of life. We have come a long way toward this goal but there is farther to go. This distance in our struggle that remains is the measure of the great unfinished task of our society.

Ours is the task of education, seeking an understanding of what we *all* are *all* about. Ours is the task of rectifying misunderstandings, of destroying myths, of opening channels of honest communication. Ours is the task of correcting mistakes, in such a way that they will never be committed again.

Ours is the discovery of ourselves, of our potentials. Ours is the joy of common cause of the unity of brotherhood. Ours is the task of the world, to take care of business.

All that has been said about the University can be easily generalized to the 'outside' world. If anything, our struggles in the outside world will be even more difficult and allusive. So let us begin now for what inevitably must come to pass.

ON ANALYSIS:

*the blackman aint just a male
he aint just an X & a Y.*

*he a 1 +1 that keeps give'n
u 3 . . .*

& u wonder where u went wrong.

*he a yellow headlight
when things get foggy*

*he a dictionary when u
cant spell "black"*

*he a needle & thread
when things need mend'n*

*& he a religion
when u need a lifestyle*

*he a fried chicken leg
when u got a taste for someth'n good*

*he a deep thought
when u conceptualize'n*

*he a thesaurus
when the word/luv/doesnt describe your feel'ns/well enough*

*& he a Pharoah
when your mind needs blowing*

*he a dash of ginger
when u need a little spice n your life*

*he a hot sun
when u feel like melt'n (n hm)*

*he a revolutionary
cause things need change'n*

*& he a peacemaker
when he be'n he is get'n the best of u.*

*he a 1+1 that keeps give'n
u 3 . . .*

*& u know that 3/he is the
right answer.*

Summer '69

andre mc laughlin



Brother Gylan Kain:

"Fervor is the weapon of choice of the impotent." — Brother Frantz Fanon.

It would be indecent of me if I didn't write to you immediately, as a Brother in the struggle; as a committed, dedicated Brother: for that is what you have always represented to me. I have a great deal of respect for your creative genius, and even though we have only met on a few occasions when I have been involved in inviting you to Howard University, I have been in spiritual communion with you and your family as a Brother dedicated to the nationalist struggle and to our people's education and liberation.

I also wish to send my special and warmest love to Sister Susan Batson, with whom I share the principles of Umoja as enunciated by President Nyerere and the Arusha Declaration. The efforts to translate these principles into the realities of our daily lives, and the examples which we must provide for our young Brothers and Sisters, remain the challenge of the present and future. It is in the effort of working towards these revolutionary possibilities that we transform our lives and begin to produce the New Black Men and Women of the 21st century, whose sensibilities will be informed by new images, new guidelines, and new forms. It is in this spirit that I want you to convey to the beautiful Sister my deepest love and respect, for I was happy that she was prepared to engage in the discussion.

Now we should get down, and I hope that spirits remain with us positively, even though I will be criticizing the play. I feel deeply this responsibility to you, and Susan, and all Black people. I am accountable to you and I want to say at the outset, without being presumptuous, that the real play (or theatre), which took place after the play, was very educational to me. It was the heightening of the tragedy and drama of our lives, and more importantly, an extension of the impotence that we have to deal with as we function in this nation state.

Maybe I ought to begin by posing some rhetorical questions. Did the play do justice to the cultural nationalists, the revolutionary nationalists, to George Jackson, Jonathan Jackson, Malcolm X, the Brothers who were murdered at Attica, to Angela Davis, to Huey P. Newton, to Fred Hampton, to Marc Clark, to the topographical Center in Chicago, to the Black Panther Party, to Ralph Featherstone, to Rap Brown, to the Nation of Islam, to the League of Revolutionary Workers, to the Harlem Six (or four), to the P-Stone Rangers, to Martin Luther King, etc? In short, did the play do justice to Black people; to African people? It is necessary to deal with these rhetorical questions for the play comes at a critical time in our history, and draws imperceptibly from that history. It comes after **We Righteous Bombers**, **We Own the Night**, etc., and many "so called" popular revolutionary films, **Sweetback**, and others. The play, **Black Terror**, has been considered the most advanced Black revolutionary thing done in the past decade. I challenge this, because I consider the play counter-revolutionary, counter-productive, since it provides false and negative images to, for, and of Black people.

We must be conscious of the present trial of the Harlem Six, of Angela's trial, of Rap Brown's impending trial, of the shoot-out in Louisiana, of the shooting of two cops on the lower East Side, and the Chief of Detectives issuing a statement that he has received a note from a Black Liberation Group. We must insert the play in its time, in its social context, and then deal with the objective social realities that expand out of the messages provided to the viewer, the listener, those in the audience. Art is communication and as such it is a vehicle for education, political education. The medium of the theatre provides a message of social reality especially when it is a play entitled **Black Terror**, written by a Black man, about Black people, and directed by a brilliant Brother and performed by Black actors. Art informs the sensibilities of those trapped in the continuum of its explosion. This is theatre, didactic theatre.

What were the messages that went out to different folks in the audience—Different strokes to different folks? Who was being educated in the audience? Blacks or Whites? To whom was the play addressed? Was the play an illusion and did the reality exist in our brief encounter after the performance? I am confident that the play did not provide political clarity to Black people, but rather left some depressed and disgusted, some mad and frustrated, and others to relapse in their petit-bourgeois mediocrity and acquiescence, behind what Keusi and Radcliffe were running down. We were paralyzed in a circle of impotency and we couldn't move beyond the actors and the script. We were not liberated by the play, but rather, we were enslaved by it, and driven further back in our oppression, even though there were some beautiful Black lines by Keusi.

I speak of impotency because the play (or author) concentrated on **fervor** when the essence of the experience was impotency or powerlessness. We were de-balled. We were left impotent. We were made into eunuchs. Let us look at the characters of the play, viz, (a) Antar was paralyzed mentally and physically. The defect in his leg was an extension of the defect in his mind, and he never had the capacity of lead. He was not persuasive and he gave us no images or even impression that he earned the respect or sympathy of his followers. He was immersed in contradictory statements and judgements about the capacity of his own men. He never controlled men with clarity, but rather appeased them by sustaining their weaknesses—re, Ahmed, Geronimo, and Keusi, whom he punished with no effect or rationale. He was an impotent leader physically, mentally, and spiritually. (b) Ahmed was impotent even in his ability to execute his wish. He didn't have the capacity to act, or even the guts to kill Keusi. He was more concerned with what he was going to do, or what had to be done, than what he was doing. He did not have the capacity to transform the world, for he was locked into the logic of his rhetoric and the ego-mania of his authority and position. The Brother was tripping nowhere. He was the flipside of the coin of the paralyzed Antar. He was fronting revolutionary fervor. He chose this weapon because he was impotent, powerless, and didn't have the capacity to love. The Brother was an empty robot, and never moved beyond that. He was a typical Black man; actually, he was a form on stage. (c) Geronimo was a coward and feared death. Geronimo was impotent and did not have the capacity to act and, more importantly, to control events. He was heat without light. I say this not only as a result of what Keusi had to say about Geronimo, but the latter's own admission that he couldn't stand pain and he feared death when he was first wounded. However, he was an interesting prototype and he did have some soul: but he was a superficial revolutionary Black man. I hope that he was not meant to depict Brother Geronimo of the Black Panther Party, who was caught underground and is now in California prisons. (d) M'Bahlia was not a Black woman. She was devoid of all the beauty and strength of the Black woman—Angela Davis, Kathleen Cleaver, Betty Shabazz, Sonia Sanchez, Amina Baraka, Barbara Ann Teer, Nina Simone, Penny Jackson, Miriam Makeba. She is atypical of the Black woman—revolutionary or non-revolutionary; and she is no doubt the most destructive character portrayed, in terms of images. She is not only negative but atypical, and Sisters can't get any vibrations from her, because she is not a soulful woman, the theatrics aside. Susan worked very hard with the part and I respect her for it; but M'Bahlia was powerless and destructive symbolically. Her acts were shot through with contradictions. She was perhaps one of the most tragic counter-revolutionary figures in the play. While listening to her, I reflected on this male-chauvinistic statement:

"Gods are always men, while women are
bearers of truth.
As men, gods are infallible,
But women will always remain believers in truth (or
true believers)

Thus far, I have been talking about content, political content, and not performances. I better say at this point that the performances of Antar, Ahmed, and Geronimo were weak. Geronimo over-acted in order to cover his shallowness and his first speech was inaudible in parts. Ahmed and Antar were not persuasive. They limped along, and they never developed their respective roles in a convincing manner. Your performance was good, even though the part was inconclusive. Susan (M'Bahlia) struggled with the contradictions of her part and tried to give it dramatic texture, but there was a feeling of being "uptight" and being locked into something that was too staged. She didn't hang loose. The tensions and weaknesses were there, and at times I felt as though it was a white thing from the Women's Liberation movement.

Certain natural rhythms and vibrations were missing even though she tried to communicate with her body the extent of her predicament. (e) Keusi was the most interesting and challenging part, and Brother, you handled it beautifully. You held the play together with natural rhythms—like Nathan George in *No Place to Be Somebody*; but I would be interested to see it with your understudy. For example, I saw *No Place to Be Somebody* with and without Nathan, and without him it fell apart. Keusi is perhaps the most impotent figure in the play, because he is essentially a follower and not a leader. He followed the U. S. Army, he followed this group, and he was prepared to split and follow someone else if they were not shucking and jiving. Keusi had the capacity to act and to think, but not to lead or organize the people around him. He understood certain things clearly, but he was paralyzed by his understanding and his clarity outside of the range of the single act. He was not and inspirational revolutionary leader, and even though he talked about life, he had no shape or content for that life. Keusi was the flip side of the same coin as Radcliffe who had the ability to act, i.e., to make that speech v. to execute the police chief. But Keusi did not have the capacity to persuade, and he felt himself to be powerless in face of the odds. He spoke directly to white folks and petit-bourgeois Black folks just like Radcliffe. He educated them and paralyzed us. I am confident that white folks dug on Keusi as the new Jesus Christ Superstar. It reminds me of Angela Davis v. Shirley Chisolm, and George Jackson v. Ron Dellums. Sometimes I felt that Keusi was a **new kind of Tom**, whose rhetorical arguments against revolutionary suicide lead us back to the plantation — from Nat Turner to George Jackson or Elliot Barclay (L.D. at Attica). Keusi calls for reason and analysis, quite rightly so, but he doesn't lead us anywhere. He doesn't provide vision or political clarity, but only impotence or powerlessness.

There is no connection between the African ritual in the beginning and the rest of the play. Actually, the ritual extends the superficial Hollywood version of the relationship of African or American Indian ritualistic practice to struggle and war. I felt that it was a commercial prostitution. It didn't add any spiritual dimensions to the play.

Now, as we move from illusion to reality, I would like to deal with the theatre, the Black theatre, that took place after the play. So that instead of a play within a play, we had a play outside of a play. The latter play was also an extension of the problem of impotence. Let me lay out the events in sequence, subject to corrections, and then try to analyze them. 1. At the end of the performance, I boldly or dramatically called for all the Black people in the Theatre (8% of the audience was Black) to stay on and challenge the actors and actresses because some heavy shit had been put out there, and we had better get an explanation from these Brothers and Sisters what this play was all about. This was a deliberate statement; it represented the way I felt at the time; it was obvious by the tone of my voice that I was angry at what I had just seen; I was aware that my request would be seen as a source of controversy and a direct attack on the 92% white audience and the white benefactors who supported the play at the Public Theatre. Normally after a play, the audience usually slides on out, except if someone knows or wants to talk to a particular performer. Therefore, my request was inviting problems and I was aware of it. 2. After my statement, an older Brother who was sitting in front of me, vocally rejected my request that only Black people stay behind after white folks left, for he felt that whites had a right to stay, if they so desired and that I was out of order to make that demand on the actors. 3. I told him that the actors didn't have to come out, but I would sit there until there was some clarity, and if they came, it would tell me something, and if they didn't show, that would also tell me something. 4. At this point, some white folks, sensing that the sluice gates were opened, insisted that they should stay to participate in the dialogue. 5. I informed them that I was not there to educate white folks for they had already received their education from the play, and that I merely wanted to talk with some Brothers and Sisters. (Parenthetically, white folks received their education on the impotence and powerlessness of the Black struggle, for niggers taught them a lot about our social reality). 6. Susan Batson then came over to talk with me, together with Gylan Kain stating that they would honor my request. It was a beautiful Black act and I was digging it. 7. Several brothers and sisters remained and we sat down. 8. One old white man told me that white folks needed to stay because they needed the education more than Blacks— can you did that shit!!! They wanted to peep the conversation. 9. I informed him that I wasn't there to teach white folks, and that all the white folks who stayed on were like pimps, pimping on a Black agenda and prostituting our survival and creative forces. 10. Sister Susan explained that we don't print the money, or mint it, or own the Public Theatre, so, like, we have to deal with that as we are sitting there and move on. 11. I told her that I could relate to that. I would dig if the white pimps left, but if they didn't, then all the Black people present should make them invisible in their minds and we would only communicate with each other. 12. There was a silence behind this, white folks still stayed and there was an air of uncertainty. 13. Gylan suggested that we proceed. 14. My opening statement was that the play was counter-revolutionary, providing negative images for Black people, and that Keusi was the opposite side of the same coin as Radcliffe. I wanted an explanation of the play as it informed the sensibilities of Black people. What were they trying to get at? 15. Gylan began to explain the contradictions and inconsistencies in the play and essentially referred to the educational benefits of negative examples. He saw these things as being useful to Black people for they would then be able to deal with the changes that we went through in the sixties. 16. At this point a white boy asked a question and a Brother was also asking a question. I intervened before Gylan could reply to tell the white boy to shut his M.F. mouth and that he couldn't participate in the dialogue; he is a pimp and we have ruled him out of our universe. 17. The Black stage manager, a young brother, then jumped in and insisted that he was not going to allow that in the theatre. White folks could speak if they wanted or else there will be no dialogue. 18. I then said that his statement was cool with me, but I wasn't prepared to remain there in any conversation with white folks. I took my coat and began to leave. Gylan continued his explanation briefly to my earlier statement, and I decided that I would write you later, Brother. So here it is. Deal with it and answer me, cause we gots to help each other. 19. Sister Susan asked me who I was and where I worked. I told her, "U. of Mass, Amherst." and she wanted to know if I don't receive my paycheck from white folks there, and talk with white folks there. 20. I told her the Black students brought me to Amherst; I work in the Black Studies Department; and the Black community at Amherst is my primary and sole responsibility. 21. The curtain came down for me as I walked off the stage, but I am certain that the drama with the integrated cast took off in a new direction under the umbrella of peace, love and harmony.

You see, Brother, it was easier to deal with the play (illusion) than with the real theatre— the drama and tragedy of our lives as it relates to impotence and powerlessness. The white folks knew that we would have had a serious conversation if they had left, and they ain't about allowing niggers to get themselves together. They peeped their seriousness of my intent, and they were not prepared to let Black folks sit down and discuss their rhythms, forms, images or even madness. They are the ones who buy our work and put it out there and codify it. They clearly understand what would sell when, where, and how. They understand who are the consumers and the performers.

Notice how the deal went down — the first Brother who criticized me was like Radcliffe: the Brother stage-manager was like Keusi who recognized the objective reality of the superior forces (economic, political, and cultural) or like Nathan George, who directed *Black Terror*, and I was like Keusi who split. We are the oppressed, the colonized, victims of impotence and powerlessness.

I have talked at length of the night's experience. I want you to share this letter with Sister Susan and discuss it with her. I will also discuss this matter with Larry Neal and Paul Carter Harrison, for I feel very strongly about what I have written. I hope that Susan and yourself will reply to this letter, so that through our exchange, there will come some conceptual and ideological clarity undergirded by the value system about which you spoke. I would also like to read the play, so that I could examine more closely my first impulses or reactions.

Please give all those Brothers and Sisters who stayed on, my deepest respects and warmest love. You must continue to create dangerously for our people need new forms, new images, and a new vision. We must create a new man: and the little Brother who was sitting on his mother's lap next to me must be able to draw spiritually from the vibrations of creative rhythms when he sees *Black Terror*, even if he doesn't understand what's going on. He must leave the theatre feeling something so that he would at least be in cosmic harmony with his mother and father who brought him there.

My regards to your home and our mutual friends. The present is a time for struggle: the future is ours.

Unity in work,

Acklyn

AL:nj

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